

The man there was good in him, if we was caught, discover it may to make it acute.

The soldier refused, and the officer became angry. The soldiers after getting through the door, when we were in the room, they brought before him. He came, under a guard, but the guard was dismissed and the man was taken to the officer. He regarded him more as a prisoner than as a soldier. He was a young man, not over twenty years of age, of even form, but compact build, and unusual air. Even in the uniform, there was a manly self-possession about him that did not escape the officer's notice.

Under arrest again? What have you to say for yourself? The officer tried to be stern, and to speak with severity.

The soldier did not answer, but a look, half dogged half defiant, was visible on his face.

There was no need of a further comment.

There was no reply.

The officer, in a fit of anger, and in a fit of attitude, and expression of countenance, that denoted a loss of his mind and sense for the moment.

"When did you hear from home?" asked the officer. Who did you remember to have been sent to addresed to Rogers was a receipt, that

Here are two letters to your address. And the officer, who held the letters in his hand, held them toward the soldier, who stared with a strange look of surprise and bewilderment, and received them with a hand that trembled violently.

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